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ELEGANT
POEMS.

CONTAINING

POPE'S ESSAY ON MAN,

BLAIR'S GRAVE,

GRAY'S ELEGY,

AND

THE FATAL SISTERS.



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Thinghams

THE

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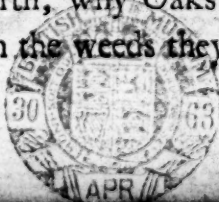
AN
ESSAY
ON
M A N.

EPISTLE I.

A WAKE! my St. JOHN, leave all meaner Things,
To low Ambition, and the Pride of Kings.
Let Us (since Life can little more supply
Than just to look about us and to die)
Expatriate free, o'er all this *Scene of Man*,
A mighty Maze! but not without a Plan;
A Wild, where Weeds and Flowers promiscuous shoot,
Or Garden tempting with forbidden Fruit.
Together let us beat this ample Field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield,
The latent Tracts, the giddy Heights explore
Of all who blindly creep, or fightless soar.

Eye Nature's Walks, shoot Folly as it flies,
And catch the Manners living as they rise;
Laugh where we *must*, be candid where we *can*,
But vindicate the Ways of *God* to Man.

Say first, of *God* above, or *Man* below,
What can we *reason*, but from what we *know*?
Of Man, what see we but his Station here,
From which to reason, or to which refer?
Thro' Worlds unnumber'd, tho' the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
He who thro' vast Immensity can pierce,
See Worlds on Worlds compose one Universe,
Observe how System into System runs,
What other Planets circle other Suns;
What vary'd Being peoples ev'ry Star;
May tell, why Heav'n has made us as we are.
But of this Frame the Bearings, and the Ties,
The strong Connections, nice Dependencies,
Gradations just, has thy pervading Soul
Look'd thro'? or can a Part contain the Whole?
Is the great Chain that draws all to agree,
And drawn supports, upheld by God, or thee?
Presumptuous Man! the Reason wouldst thou find
Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind;
First, if thou can'st, the harder Reason guess
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less?
Ask of thy Mother Earth, why Oaks are made
Taller or stronger than the weeds they shade?



Or ask of yonder argent Fields above,
Why Jove's Satellites are less than Jove?
Of Systems possible, if 'tis confess'd
That Wisdom infinite must form the *best*
Where all must *fall*; or not *coherent* be,
And all that rises, rise in due *Degree*;
Then, in the Scale of reas'ning Life 'tis plain
There must be, *somewhere*, such a Rank as *Man*;
And all the Question (wrangle e'er so long)
Is only this, if God has *plac'd him wrong*?

Respecting *Man* whatever wrong we call,
May, must be right, as relative to *All*.
In human Works, though labour'd on with Pain,
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain;
In God's one fingle can *its End* produce,
Yet serves to second to some *other Use*.
So Man, who here seems principal alone,
Perhaps acts second to some Sphere unknown,
Touches some Wheel, or verges to some Goal;
'Tis but a Part we see, and not the Whole.

When the proud Steed shall know, why Man restrains
His fiery Course, or drives him o'er the Plains;
When the dull Ox why now he breaks the Clod,
Is now a Victim, and now *Egypt's God*;
Then shall Man's Pride and Dullness comprehend
His Action's, Passion's, Being's, Use and End;
Why doing, suff'ring, check'd, impell'd; and why
This Hour a Slave, the next a Deity!

Then say not Man's imperfect, Heav'n in fault ;
Say rather Man's as perfect as he ought ;
His Being measur'd to his State, and Place,
His Time a Moment, and a Point his Space.
If to be perfect in a certain Sphere,
What matter, soon or late, or here, or there ?
The blest to-day is as completely so,
As who began a thousand years ago,

Heav'n from all Creatures hides the Book of Fate,
All but the Page prescrib'd, their *present State*,
From Brutes what Men, from Men what Spirits know,
Or who could suffer Being here below ?
The Lamb thy Riot dooms to bleed to day,
Had he thy *Reason*, would he skip and play ?
Pleas'd to the last he crops the flow'ry Food,
And licks the Hand just rais'd to shed its Blood.
Oh Blindness to the future ! kindly giv'n,
That each may fill the Circle mark'd by Heav'n,
Who sees with equal Eye, as God of *All*,
A Hero perish, or a Sparrow fall,
Atoms, or Systems, into ruin hurl'd,
And now a Bubble burst, and now a World ?

Hope humbly then ; with trembling Pinions soar ;
Wait the great Teacher Death, and God adore ;
What future Bliss, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that *Hope* to be thy Blessing now.

Hope springs eternal in the human Breast
Man never *is*, but always *to be* blest ;

The Soul uneasy, and confin'd at home,
Rests, and expatiates in a Life to come.

Lo! the poor *Indian* whose untutor'd Mind
Sees God in Clouds, or hears him in the Wind;
His Soul, proud Science never taught to stray,
Far as the Solar Walk, or Milky Way,
Yet simple Nature to his Hope has giv'n
Behind the cloud topt Hill an humbler Heav'n,
Some safer World in depth of Woods embrac'd,
Some happier Island in the wat'ry Waste;
Where slaves once more their native Land behold,
No Fiends torment, no Christians thirst for Gold.

To be, contents his natural Desire,
He asks no Angel's Wing or Seraph's Fire,
But thinks, admitted to that equal Sky,
His faithful Dog shall bear him Company.
Go wiser thou! and in thy Scale of Sense
Weigh thy *Opinion* against *Providence*:
Call Imperfection what thou fancy'st such,
Say, here he gives too little, there too much;
Destroy all Creatures for thy Sport or Gust,
Yet cry, if Man's unhappy, God's unjust,
If Man alone, engross not Heav'n's high Care,
Alone, made perfect here, immortal there:
Snatch from his Hand the Balance and the Rod,
Re-judge his Justice, Be the God of God!

In pride, in reas'ning *Pride* our Error lies;
All quit their Sphere, and rush into the Skies.

Pride still is aiming at the blest Abodes,
 Men would be Angels, Angels would be Gods.
 Aspiring to be Gods if Angels fell,
 Aspiring to be Angels, men rebel:
 And who but wishes to invert the Laws
 Of ORDER, sins against th' Eternal Cause.

Ask for what End the heavenly Bodies shine?
 Earth for whose Use? *Pride* answers, "Tis for mine:
 " For me kind Nature wakes her genial Pow'r,
 " Suckles each herb, and swells out ev'ry flow'r;
 " Annual for me, the Grape, the Rose renew
 " The Juice nectareous, and the balmy Dew;
 " For me, the Mine a thousand Treasures brings;
 " For me, Health gushes from a thousand Springs;
 " Seas roll to waft me, Suns to light me rise;
 " My Footstool Earth, my Canopy the Skies,"

But errs not Nature from this gracious End,
 From Burning Suns when livid Deaths descend,
 When Earthquakes swallow, or when Tempests sweep
 Towns to one Grave and Nations to the Deep?
 " No ('tis reply'd) the first Almighty Cause
 " Acts not by partial, but by *gen'ral* Laws;
 " Th' Exceptions few; some Change since all began
 " And what created perfect?" Why then Man?
 If the *great End* be human Happiness,
 Then Nature deviates, and can Man do less?
 As much that End a constant Course requires
 Of Show'rs and Sunshine, as of Man's Desires;

As much eternal Springs and cloudless Skies,
As Men for ever temp'rate, calm and wise.
If Plagues or Earthquakes break not Heaven's Design,
Why then a *Borgia*, or a *Cataline*?
Who knows but He whose Hand the Lightning forms,
Who heaves old Ocean and who rules the Storms;
Pours fierce Ambition in a *Cæsar's* Mind,
Or turns young *Ammon* loose to scourge Mankind.
From Pride from Pride, our very Reas'ning springs;
Account for moral, as for nat'ral Things;
Why charge we Heav'n in those, in these acquit?
In both to reason right, is to submit.

Better for Us, perhaps it might appear,
Were there all Harmony, all Virtue here;
That never Air or Ocean felt the Wind;
That never Passion discompos'd the Mind;
But all subsist by Elemental Strife;
And Passions are the Elements of Life,
The general ORDER, since the Whole began,
Is kept in *Nature*, and is kept in *Man*.

What would this Man? now upward will he soar,
And little less than Angel, would be more;
Now looking downward, just as griev'd appears
To want the Strength of Bulls, the Fur of Bears.
Made for his Use all Creatures if he call,
Say what their Use, had he the Pow'rs of all?

Nature to these, without Profusion kind,
The proper Organs, proper Pow'rs assign'd;

Each seeming Want compensated of Course
 Here, with Degrees of Swiftneſs, there, of Force;
 All in exact Proportion to the State;
 Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
 Each Beaſt, each Inſect, happy in his own,
 Is Heav'n unkind to Man; and Man alone?
 Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
 Be pleas'd with nothing, if not bleſt with all?

The Blifs of Man (could Pride that Bleſſing find)
 Is not to act or think *beyond* Mankind;
 No Pow'rs of Body or of Soul to ſhare,
 But what his Nature and his State can bear.
 Why has not Man a miſcroſcopic Eye?
 For this plain Reaſon, Man is not a Fly;
 Say of what uſe, were finer Optics giv'n?
 T' inspect a Mite, not comprehend the Heav'n;
 Or Touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er?
 To ſmart and agonize at ev'ry Pore:
 Or quick Effluvia darting thro' the Brain?
 Die of a Roſe in aromatic Pain,
 If Nature thunder'd in his opening Ears,
 And ſtunn'd him with the Muſic of the Spheres,
 How would he wiſh, that Heav'n had left him ſtill
 The whiſp'ring Zephyr, and the purling Rill?
 Who finds not Providence all good and wiſe,
 Alike in what it gives and what denies?
 Far as Creation's ample range extends,
 The ſcale of ſenſual, mental Powers aſcends:

Mark how it mounts, to Man's imperial Race,
 From the green Myriads in the peopled Grass;
 What Modes of Sight, betwixt each wide extreme,
 The Mole's dim Curtain, and the Lynx's Beam;
 Of Smell, the headlong Lionsess between,
 And Hound sagacious on the tainted Green;
 Of Hearing, from the Life that fills the Flood,
 To that which warbles thro' the vernal Wood;
 The Spider's Touch how exquisitely fine,
 Feels at each Thread, and lives along the Line;
 In the nice Bee, what Sense so subtly true,
 From pois'nous Herbs extracts the healing Dew;
 How *Instinct* varies! in the groveling Swine,
 Compar'd half reas'ning Elephaant with thine;
 'Twixt that, and *Reason*, what a nice Barrier,
 For ever separate, yet for ever near:
 Remembrance, and Reflection, how ally'd;
 What thin Partitions Sense from Thought divide!
 And middle Natures, how they long to join,
 Yet never pass th' insuperable Line!
 Without this just *Gradation*, could they be
 Subjected these to those, or all to thee?
 The Pow'rs of all subdu'd by thee alone.
 Is not thy Reason all those Pow'rs in one?
 See, thro' this Air, this Ocean, and this Earth,
 All Matter quick, and bursting into Birth,
 Above, how high progressive Life may go,
 Around, how wide, how deep extend below!

Vast Chain of Being ! which from God began,
Natures æthereal, human, Angel, Man,
Beast, Bird, Fish, Insect ! what no Eye can see,
No Glass can reach ! from Infinite to Thee
From Thee to Nothing !—On superior Pow'rs
Were we to press, inferior might on ours ;
Or in the full Creation leave a Void,
Where one Step broken, the great Scale's destroy'd :
From Nature's Chain whatever Link you strike,
Tenth, or tenthousandth, breaks the Chain alike.

And if each System in Gradation roll,
Alike essential to th' amazing Whole ;
The least Confusion but in one, not all
That System only, but the Whole must fall.
Let Earth unbalanc'd from her Orbit fly,
Planets, and Suns rush lawless thro' the Sky,
Let ruling Angels from their Spheres be hurl'd,
Being on Being wreck'd, and World on World,
Heaven's whole Foundation to the Centre nod,
And Nature tremble to the Throne of God,
All this dread ORDER break—For whom ? for thee ?
Vile Worm ! O Madness ! Pride ! Impiety !

What if the Foot, ordain'd the Dust to tread,
Or Hand to toil, aspir'd to be the Head ?
What if the Head, the Eye, or Ear, repin'd
To serve mere Engines, to the ruling Mind ?
Just as absurd, for any Part to claim
To be another in this gen'ral Frame :

Just as absurd to mourn the Tasks or Pains,
The great directing MIND of ALL ordains.

All are put Parts of one stupendous Whole,
Whose Body *Nature* is, and *God* the Soul;
That, chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the Earth, as in the Æthereal Frame.
Warms in the Sun, refreshes in the Breeze,
Glows in the Stars, and blossoms in the Trees,
Lives thro' all Life, extends thro' all Extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent,
Breathes in our Soul, informs our mortal Part,
As full, as perfect, in a Hair, as Heart,
As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,
As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns;
To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

Cease then, nor ORDER *Imperfection* name:
Our proper Bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own *Point*. This kind, this due Degree
Of Blindness, Weakness, Heav'n bestows on thee.
Submit——in this, or any other Sphere.
Secure to be as blest as thou can'st bear:
Safe in the Hand of one disposing Pow'r,
Or in the natal, or the mortal Hour,
All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee;
All Chance, Direction which thou canst not see,

All Discord, Harmony not understood;
 All partial Evil, universal Good;
 And spight of Pride, in erring Reason's spight,
 One truth is clear, "Whatever is, is Right."

KNOW then thyself, presume not God to scan;

The proper Study of Mankind is Man.

Plac'd on this Isthmus of a Middle State,

A Being darkly wise, and rudely great,

With too much Knowledge for his Sceptic side,

With too much Weakness for his Starch of Pride,

He hangs between, in doubtful habit

In doubt to deem himself a God or Man;

In doubt his God to praise, or his self to scan.

Born but to die, and reas'ning but to show

Alike in Ignorance and Doubt below,

Whether he thinks too little, or too much,

Chaos of Thought throngs in his unshin'd

Still by himself, and still himself, he sees,

Created half to rise, and half to fall,

Great Lord of all Things, yet a prey to all,

Sole Judge of Truth, in endless Error hurl'd,

The Glory, Jest, and Riddle of the World.

Go, wondrous Creature! mount where Science gains

Go measure Earth, weigh Air, and state the Tides;

Interpret to what Ends the Sun

Correct old Time, and regulate the Sun.

All Discord Harmony not understood,
All partial Evil universal Good,
And light of Reason's light
One mind is Right.

EPISTLE II.

KNOW then thyself, presume not God to scan?
The proper Study of Mankind is *Man*.

Plac'd on this Isthmus of a Middle State,
A Being darkly wise, and rudely great:
With too much Knowledge for the Sceptic Side,
With too much Weakness for the Stoic's Pride,
He hangs between; in doubt to act, or rest,
In doubt to deem himself a God or Beast;
In doubt, his Mind or Body to prefer,
Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err,
Alike in Ignorance, his Reason such,
Whether he thinks too little, or too much.
Chaos of Thought and Passion all confus'd,
Still by himself abus'd, or dis-abus'd;
Created half to rise, and half to fall;
Great Lord of all Things; yet a Prey to all;
Sole Judge of Truth, in endless Error hurl'd:
The Glory, Jest, and Riddle of the World!

Go wondrous Creature! mount where Science guides,
Go measure Earth, weigh Air, and state the Tides,
Instruct the Planets in what Orbs to run,
Correct old Time, and regulate the Sun.

Go soar with *Plato* to th' empyreal Sphere,
To the first Good, first Perfect, and first Fair;
Or tread the mazy Round his Followers trod,
And quitting Sense call *Imitating God*.

As Eastern Priests in giddy Circles run,
And turn their Heads to imitate the *Sun*.

Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule;
Then drop into Thyself, and be a Fool!

Superior Beings, when of late they saw

A mortal Man unfold all Nature's Law,

Admir'd such Wisdom in an earthly Shape,

And shew'd a *NEWTON* as we show an *Ape*.

Could He, whose Rules the rapid Comet bind,
Describe or fix one Movement of the Mind?

Who saw its Fires here rise, and there descend,

Explain his own Beginning, or his End?

Alas what Wonder! Man's superior Part

Uncheck'd may rise and climb from Art to Art;

But when his own great Work is but begun,

What Reason weaves, by Passion is undone.

Trace Science then, with Modesty thy Guide;

First strip off all her Equipage of Pride;

Deduct what is but Vanity or Dress,

Or Learning's Luxury or Idleness,

Or Tricks to shew the Stretch of Human Brain,

Mere curious Pleasure, or ingenious Pain;

Expunge the Whole, or lop th' excrescent Parts

Of all our Vices, have created Arts:

Then see how little the remaining Sum,
Which serv'd the past and must the Times to come.

Two Principles in Human Nature reign ;
Self-Love, to urge ; and *Reason*, to restrain ;
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call :
Each works its End, to move or govern all :
And to their proper Operation still
Ascribe all Good ; to their improper, Ill.

Self-Love, the Spring of Motion, acts the Soul ;
Reason's comparing Balance rules the Whole ;
Man, but for that, could to no *Action* tend,
And but for this, were active to no *End*,
Fix'd like a Plant to his peculiar Spot,
To draw Nutrition, propagate, and rot ;
Or Meteor-like flame lawless through the Void,
Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.

Most *Strength* the moving Principle requires,
Active its Task, it prompts, impels, inspires :
Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,
Form'd but to check, delib'rate, and advise.
Self-Love, still stronger, as its Objects nigh ;
Reason's at Distance and in Prospect lye ;
That sees immediate Good by present Sense,
Reason the future, and the Consequence :
Thicker than Arguments, Temptations throng,
At best more *watchful* this, but that more *strong*,
The Action of the stronger to suspend,
Reason still *use*, to Reason still attend :

Attention, Habit, and Experience gains,
Each strengthens Reason and Self-Love restrains.

Let subtle Schoolmen teach these Friends to fight,
More studious to divide, than to unite,
And Grace and Virtue, Sense and Reason split,
With all the rash Dexterity of Wit,
Wits, just like Fools, at War about a Name,
Have full as oft, no Meaning or the same,
Self-Love and Reason to one End aspire,
Pain their Aversion, Pleasure their Desire;
But greedy that its Object would devour,
This taste the Honey and not wound the Flow'r,
Pleasure, nor wrong or rightly understood,
Our greatest Evil, or our greatest Good.

Modes of Self-Love, the PASSIONS we may call,
'Tis real Good, or seeming, moves them all:
But since not every Good we can divide,
And Reason bids us for *our own* provide;
Passions, tho' *selfish*, if their Means be fair,
Lift under *Reason*, and deserve her Care;
Those that *imparted*, court a nobler Aim,
Exalt their kind, and take some *Virtue's Name*.

In lazy Apathy let Stoics boast,
Their Virtue fix'd, 'tis fix'd as in a Frost,
Contracted all, retiring to the Breast;
But Strength of Mind is *Exercise*, not *Rest*:
The rising Tempest puts in Act the Soul,
Parts it may ravage, but preserves the Whole.

On Life's vast Ocean, diversely we sail,
Reason the Card, but Passion is the Gale:
Nor God alone in the still Calm we find;
He mounts the Storm, and walks upon the Wind.

Passions, like Elements, tho' born to fight,
Yet mix'd and soften'd in this Work unite:
These, 'tis enough to temper and employ,
But what composes Man can Man destroy?
Suffice that Reason keeps to Nature's Road,
Subject, compound them, follow her, and God.

Love, Hope, and Joy, fair Pleasure's smiling Trains,
Hate, Fear, and Grief, the Family of Pains;
These mix'd with Art, and to due Bounds confin'd,
Make, and maintain, the Ballance of the Mind:
The Lights and Shades, whose well accorded Strife
Gives all the *Strength* and *Colour* of our Life.

Pleasures are ever in our Hands or Eyes,
And when in Act they cease, in Prospect rise;
Present to grasp, and future still to find,
The whole Employ of Body and of Mind,
All spread their Charms, but charm not all alike;
On diff'rent Senses diff'rent Objects strike:
Hence diff'rent Passions more or less inflame,
As strong, or weak, the Organs of the Frame;
And hence one *Master Passion*, in the Breast,
Like *Aaron's* Serpent, swallows up the rest.

As Man perhaps the Moment of his Breath,
Receives the lurking Principle of Death,

The young Disease that must subdue at length,
Grows with his Growth and strengthens with his
Strength.

So, cast and mingled with his very Frame,
The Mind's Disease, its ruling *Passion* came ;
Each vital Humour which should feed the *Whole*,
Soon flows to *this* in Body and in Soul :
Whatever warms the Heart, or fills the Head,
As the Mind opens, and its Functions spread,
Imagination plies her dangerous Art,
And pours it all upon the peccant Part.

Nature its Mother, *Habit* is its Nurse
Wit, *Spirits*, *Faculties*, but make it worse ;
Reason itself but gives it Edge and Pow'r,
As Heaven's blest Beam turns Vinegar more fow'r ;
We, wretched Subjects tho' to lawful Sway,
In this weak *Queen*, some Fav'rite still obey,
Ah ! if she lends not Arms, as wells as Rules,
What can she more than *tell us* we are Fools ?
Teach us to mourn our Nature, not to mend,
A sharp *Accuser*, but a helpless *Friend* !
Or from a *Judge* turn *Pleader*, to persuade
The Choice we make, or justify it made ;
Proud of an easy Conquest all along,
She but removes weak Passions for the Strong ;
So, when small Humours gather to the Gout,
The Doctor fancies he has driv'n 'em out.

Yes, Nature's Road must ever be prefer'd ;
Reason is here no *Guide* but still a *Guard* ;
'Tis her's to *rectify*, not *overthrow*,
And treat this Passion more as Friend than Foe :
A mightier Pow'r the strong Direction sends,
And several Men impels to several Ends :
Like varying Winds, by other Passions tost,
This drives them constant to a certain Coast.
Let Pow'r or Knowledge, Gold or Glory, please,
Or (oft more strong than all) the Love of Ease ;
Thro' Life 'tis follow'd, even at Life's Expence ;
The Merchant's Toil, the Sage's Indolence,
The Monk's Humility, the Hero's Pride,
And all alike, find Reason on their Side.

Th' Eternal Art, educing Good from Ill,
Grafts on this Passion our *best Principle* :
'Tis thus, the Mercury of Man is fix'd,
Strong grows the Virtue with his Nature mix'd ;
The Dross cements what else were too refin'd,
And in one Int'rest *Body* acts with *Mind*.

As Fruits ungrateful to the Planter's Care,
On *Savage Stocks* inserted, learn to bear ;
The surest Virtues thus from Passions shoot,
Wild Nature's Vigour working at the Root.
What Crops of Wit and Honesty appear,
From Spleen, from Obstinacy, Hate, or Fear !
See Anger, Zeal and Fortitude supply ;
Ev'n Av'rice, Prudence ; Sloth, Philosophy ;

Envy, to which th' ignoble Mind's a Slave,
 Is Emulation in the Learn'd or Brave !
 Lust, thro' some certain Strainers well refin'd,
 Is gentle Love, and charms all Woman-kind ;
 Nor Virtue, Male or Female, can we name,
 But what will grow on *Pride*, or grow on *Shame* :

Thus *Nature* gives us (let it check our *Pride*)
 The Virtue nearest to our Vice ally'd ;
Reason the Bias turns to Good from Ill,
 And *Nero* reigns a *Titus*, if he will.
 The fiery Soul abhorr'd in *Catiline*,
 In *Decius* charms, in *Curtius* is divine.
 The same Ambition can destroy or save,
 And makes a Patriot as it makes a Knave,

This *Light* and *Darkness* in our Chaos join'd,
 What shall divide ? The *God* within the *Mind*.
 Tho' each by Turns the other's Bound invade,
 As in some well-wrought Picture Light and Shade,
 And oft so mix, the Diff'rence is too nice,
 Where ends the Virtue, or begins the Vice :
 Fools ! who from hence into the Notion fall,
 That *Vice* or *Virtue* there is none at all :
 If white and black, blend, soften, and unite,
 A thousand Ways, is there no black and white ?
 Ask your own Heart, and nothing is so plain ;
 'Tis to mistake them, costs the Time and Pain.

Vice is a Monster of so frightful Mien,
 As, to be hated, needs but to be seen ;

But seen too *off*, familiar with her Face,
 We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
 But where th' Extreme of Vice, was ne'er agreed :
 Ask where's the *North* ? at *York* 'tis on the *Tweed* ;
 In *Scotland*, at the *Orcaides*, and there
 At *Greenland*, *Zembla*, or the Lord knows where.
 No creature owns it in the first Degree,
 But thinks his Neighbour farther gone than he.
 Ev'n those who dwell beneath its very Zone,
 Or never feel the Rage, or never own ;
 What happier Natures shrink at with Astarte,
 The hard Inhabitant contends is Right.
 Virtuous and vicious ev'ry Man must be,
 Few in th' Extreme, but all in the Degree ;
 The Rogue and Fool, by Fits, is fair and wise,
 And ev'n the Best, by Fits, what they despise.
 'Tis but by *Parts* we follow Good or Ill,
 For, Vice or Virtue, *Self* directs it still ;
 Each Individual seeks a sev'ral Goal ;
 But HEAV'N's great View is *One*, and that the *Whole* !
 That counter-works each Folly and Caprice,
 That disappoints th' Effect of ev'ry Vice,
 That happy *Frailties* to all *Ranks* apply'd,
 Shame to the *Virgin*, to the *Matron* *Pride*,
 Fear to the *Statesman*, *Rashness* to the *Chief*,
 To Kings *Presumption*, and to *Crowds* *Belief*.
 That Virtue's End from *Vanity* can raise,
 Which seeks no Int'rest, no Reward but Praise.

And builds on *Wants*, and on *Defects* of Mind;
The *Joy*, the *Peace*, the *Glory*, of Mankind.

Heav'n forming each on other to depend,
A Master, or a Servant, or a Friend,
Bids each on other for Assistance call,
'Till one Man's Weakness grows the Strength of all.
Wants, Frailties, Passions, closer still ally
The common Int'rest, or endear the Tye;
To these we owe true Friendship, Love sincere,
Each home-felt Joy that Life inherits here;
Yet from the same we learn, in its Decline,
Those Joys, those Loves, those Int'rests to resign:
Taught half by Reason, half by mere Decay,
To welcome Death, and calmly pass away.

Whate'er the *Passion*, Knowledge, Fame, or Pelf,
Not one will change his Neighbour with himself.
The Learn'd are happy, Nature to explore;
The Fool is happy, that he knows no more.
The Rich are happy in the Plenty given;
The Poor contents him with the Care of Heav'n;
See the blind Beggar dance, the Cripple sing,
The Sot a Hero, Lunatic a King,
The starving Chymist in his golden Views,
Supremely blest, the Poet in his Muse.

'See! some strange *Comfort* ev'ry *State* attend,
And *Pride* bestow'd on all, a common Friend;
See! some fit *Passion* ev'ry *Age* supply,
Hope travels thro', nor quits us when we die.

Behold the Child by Nature's kindly Law,
Pleas'd with a Rattle, tickled with a Straw :
Some livelier Plaything gives his Youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite :
Scarfs, Garters, Gold amuse his riper Stage,
And Beads and Pray'r-books are the Toys of Age :
Pleas'd with this Bauble still as that before :
Till tir'd he sleeps, and Life's poor Play is o'er.

Mean while *Opinion* gilds with varying Rays
Those painted Clouds that beautify our Days ;
Each want of Happiness by Hope supply'd,
And each Vacuity of Sense by Pride.
These build up all that Knowledge can destroy ;
In Folly's Cup still laughs the Bubble, Joy ;
One Prospect lost, another still we gain,
And not a Vanity is given in vain ;
Even mean *Self-Love* becomes by Force divine,
The Scale to measure others' Wants by thine.
See ? and confess, one Comfort still must rise,
'Tis this, tho' *Man's a Fool*, yet GOD IS WISE.

EPISTLE III.

HERE then we rest. "The *Universal Cause*,
"Acts to *one End*, but acts by various Laws."
In all the Madness of superfluous Health,
The Trim of Pride, and Impudence of Wealth,
Let this great Truth be present Night and Day;
But most be present, if thou *preach* or *pray*,

Look round our World : Behold the Chain of Love
Combining all below, and all above,
See, plastic Nature moving to this End,
The single Atoms each to other tend ;
Attract, attracted to, the next in Place ;
By Nature form'd its *Neighbour* to embrace.
Behold it next with various Life endu'd,
Press to one Centre still, the *Gen'ral Good*.
See, dying Vegetables Life sustain,
See, Life dissolving vegetate again.
All Forms that perish other Forms supply,
By Turns they catch the vital Breath, and die ;
Like Bubbles on the Sea of Matter born,
They rise, they break, and to the Sea return.
Nothing is foreign : Parts relate to Whole :
One All-extending, All-preserving Soul

Connects each Being, greatest with the least ;
Made Beast in Aid of Man, and Man of Beast :
Each serv'd and serving ; nothing stands alone ;
The Chain holds on, and *where* it ends *unknown*.

Has God, thou Fool ! work'd solely for thy Good,
Thy Joy, thy Pastime, thy Attire, thy Food ?
Who for thy Table feeds the wanton Fawn,
For him as kindly spreads the flow'ry Lawn,
Is it for thee the Lark ascends and sings ?
Joy tunes his Voice, Joy elevates his Wings.
Is it for thee the Linnet pours his Throat ?
Loves of *his own*, and Raptures swell the Note.
The bounding Steed you pompously bestride,
Shares with his Lord the Pleasure and the Pride.
Is thine alone the Seed that sows the Plain ?
The Birds of Heav'n shall vindicate their Grain,
Thine the full Harvest of the Golden Year ;
Part pays, and justly, the deserving Steer :
The Hog that plows not nor obeys thy Call,
Lives on the Labours of this Lord of All.

Know, Nature's Children all divide her Care ;
The Fur that warms a Monarch, warm'd a Bear.
While Man exclaims, see all Things for my Use !
See Man for mine, replies a pamper'd Goose :
And just as short of Reason, he must fall,
Who thinks *All* made for *One*, not *One* for *All*.

Grant that the Pow'rful still the Weak controul,
Be Man the *Wit* and *Tyrant* of the Whole.

NATURE that Tyrant checks; he only knows
 And feels another's Creature's Wants and Woes.
 Say, will the Falcon stooping from above,
 Smit with her varying Plumage, spare the Dove?
 Admires the Jay the Insect's gilded Wings,
 Or hears the Hawk, when *Philomela* sings?
 Man cares for all: To Birds he gives his Woods,
 To Beasts his Pastures, and to Fish his Floods;
 For some, his Int'rest prompts him to provide,
 For more his Pleasure; yet for more his Pride:
 All feed, on one vain Patron, and enjoy
 Th' extensive Blessing of his Luxury.
 That very Life his pining Hunger craves
 He saves from Famine, from the Savage saves
 Nay, feasts the Animal he dooms his Feast,
 And till he ends the Being, makes it blest;
 Which sees no more the Stroke, nor feels the Pain
 Than favour'd Man by Touch Æthereal Pain.
 The Creature had his Feast of Life before;
 Thou too must perish, when thy Feast is o'er!
 To each unthinking Being, Heav'n a Friend
 Gives not the useless Knowledge of its End;
 To Man imparts it; but with such a View,
 As while he dreads it, makes him hope it too.
 The Hour conceal'd, and so remote the Fear,
 Death still draws nearer, never seeming near.
 Great standing Miracle! that Heav'n assign'd
 Its only thinking Thing, this Turn of Mind,

Whether with *Reason*, or with *Instinct* blest;
 Know, all enjoy that Power which *suits* *embellish* and
 To Bliss, alike, by that Direction tend,
 And find the Means proportion'd to their End;
 Say, where full *Instinct* is th' unerring Guide,
 What *Pope* or *Council* can they need beside?
 Reason, however able, cool at best,
 Cares not for Service, or but serves when press'd;
 Stays till we call, and then not often near;
 But honest *Instinct* comes a Volunteer:
 Sure never to o'er-shoot, but just to hit,
 While still too wide or short is Human Wit;
 Sure by quick Nature Happiness to gain,
 Which heavier Reason labours at in vain.
 This too serves *always*, Reason never *long*;
 One *must* go right, the other *may* go wrong,
 Sees then the *acting* and *comparing* Powers,
 One in their Nature, which are two in ours;
 And Reason raise o'er Instinct as you can;
 In this, 'tis *God* directs, in that 'tis *Man*.

Who taught the Nations of the Field and Wood
 To shun the Poison, and to chuse their Food?
 Prescient, the Tides or Tempests to withstand,
 Build on the Wave, or arch beneath the Sand?
 Who made the Spider Parallels design,
 Sure as *De-Moivre*, without Rule or Line?
 Who bid the Stork, *Columbus*-like, explore
 Heav'n's not his own, and Worlds unknown before?

Who calls the Council, states the certain Day,
Who forms the Phalanx, and who point the Way ?

GOD, in the Nature of each Being, founds
Its proper Bliss, and sets its proper Bounds :
But as he fram'd a *Whole*, the Whole to bless
On mutual *Wants* built mutual *Happiness* :
So from the first, Eternal ORDER ran,
And Creature link'd to Creature, Man to Man.
Whate'er of Life all-quickenning *Æther* keeps,
Or breathes thro' Air or shoots beneath the Deep's
Or pours profuse on Earth : one Nature feeds
The *vital Flame*, and swells the *genial Seeds*.
Not Man alone, but all that roam the Wood,
Or wing the Sky, or roll along the Flood,
Each loves *Itself*, but not *itself alone*,
Each Sex desires alike, till *two* are *one* :
Nor ends the Pleasure with the fierce Embrace ;
All love themselves, a third Time in their *Race*.
The Beast, the Bird, their common Charge attend.
The Mothers nurse it, and the Sires defend ;
The Young dismiss'd to wander Earth or Air,
There stops the Instinct, and there ends the Care,
The Link dissolves, each seek a fresh Embrace,
Another Love succeeds, another Race.
A *longer Care* Man's helpless Kind demands ;
That longer Care contracts more lasting Bands :
Reflection, *Reason*, still the Ties improve,
At once extend the Int'rest, and the Love :

With *Choice* we fix, with *Sympathy* we burn,
Each *Virtue* in each *Passion* takes its Turn;
And still new *Needs*, new *Helps*, new *Habits* rise
That graft Benevolence on Charities,
Thus as *one* Brood, and as *another* rose,
These *nat'ral* Love maintain'd, *habitual* those;
The last, scarce ripen'd into perfect Man,
Saw helpless Him from whom their Life began.
Mem'ry and *Forecast* just Returns engage,
That pointed back to *Youth*, this on to *Age*,
While *Pleasure*, *Gratitude* and *Hope* combin'd,
Still spread the Int'rest, and preserv'd the Kind.

Nor think in *Nature's State* they blindly trod;
The *State* of NATURE was the *Reign* of GOD:
Self-Love and *Social* at her Birth began,
UNION, the Bond of all Things, and of Man.
Pride then was not; nor *Arts*, that *Pride* to aid;
Man walk'd with Beast, joint Tenant of the Shade;
The same 'his Table, and the same his Bed,
No Murder cloath'd him, and no Murder fed.
In the same Temple, the resounding Wood,
All Vocal Beings hymn'd their equal God:
The Shrine with Gore unstain'd, with Gold undrest,
Unbrib'd, unbloody, stood the blameless Priest.
Heav'n's Attribute was universal Care,
And Man's Prerogative to rule, but spare.
Ah how unlike the Man of Times to come!
Of half that live, the Butcher, and the Tomb;

Who, Foe to Nature, hears the general Groan,
 Murders their Species, and betrays his own.
 But just Disease to Luxury succeeds,
 And ev'ry Death its own Avenger breeds;
 The Fury Passions from that Blood began,
 And turn'd on Man a fiercer Savage Man.

See him from Nature rising slow to Art,
 To copy *Instinct* then was *Reason's* Part;
 Thus then to Man the Voice of Nature spake—
 “Go, from the Creatures thy *Instructions* take;
 “Learn from the Birds what Food the Thicket yields;
 “Learn from the Beast the *Physick* of the Field;
 “The Arts of Building from the Bee receive;
 “Learn of the Mole to plow, the Worm to weave;
 “Learn of the little Nautilus to sail,
 “Spread the thin Oar, and catch the driving Gale.
 “Here too all Forms of social Union find,
 “And hence let Reason, late instruct *Mankind*:
 “Here subterranean Works and Cities see,
 “There Towns Aereal on the waving Tree.
 “Learn each small People's Genius, Policies;
 “The Ants' Republic, and the Realm of Bees;
 “How these in common all their Wealth bestow,
 “And Anarchy without Confusion know;
 “And those for ever, tho' a Monarch reign,
 “Their separate Cells and Properties maintain.
 “Mark what unvary'd Laws preserve their State,
 “Laws wise as Nature, and as fix'd as Fate:

" In vain thy Reason finer Webs shall weave,
 " Entangle Justice in her Net of Law,
 " And Right too rigid harden into Wrong,
 " Still for the Strong too weak, the Weak too Strong,
 " Yet Go! and thus bid all the Creatures say,
 " Thus let the Wiser make the rest obey,
 " Who for those Arts they learn'd of Brutes before,
 " As Kings shall crown them, or as Gods adore."

Great Nature spoke; observant Men obey'd;
 Cities were built, Societies were made;
 Here rose one little State: Another near,
 Grew by like Means, and join'd thro' Love or Fear.
 Did here the Trees with ruddier Burdens bend,
 And there the Streams with purer Rills descend.
 What War could ravish, Commerce could bestow,
 And he return'd a Friend, who came a Foe.
 Converse and Love, Mankind might strongly draw,
 When Love was Liberty, and Nature Law.
 Thus States were form'd: the Name of King unknown,
 'Till common Int'rest plac'd the Sway in One.
 Then VIRTUE ONLY (or in Arts, or Arms,
 Diffusing Blessings, or averting Harms)
 The same which in a Sire the Sons obey'd,
 A Prince the Father of a People made.
 'Till then, by Nature crown'd, each Patriarch fate,
 King, Priest, and Parent of his growing State:
 On him their second Providence they hung,
 Their Law his Eye; their Oracle, his Tongue,

He from the wand'ring Furrow call'd their Food,
Taught to command the *Fire*, controul the *Flood*,
Draw forth the Monsters of the *Abyss* profound,
Or fetch th' *Aerial* Eagle to the Ground.
'Till drooping, sick'ning, dying, they began,
Whom they rever'd as *God*, to mourn as *Man*.
Then, looking up from Sire to Sire explor'd,
One Great, First Father, and that first ador'd:
Or plain Tradition that this All begun,
Convey'd unbroken Faith from Sire to Son,
The Workman from the Work distinct was known,
And *simple Reason* never sought but *One* :
E'er *Wit* oblique had broke that steady Light,
Man, like the Maker ; *saw* that *all was right*,
To Virtue in the Paths of Pleasure trod,
And own'd a *Father*, when he own'd a *God*,
Love all the *Faith*, and all the *Allegiance* then ;
For Nature knew no *Right Divine* in *Men*,
No *Ill* could fear in *God* ; and understood
A *Sovereign Being*, but a *Sovereign Good*.
True Faith, true Policy, united ran,
That was but *Love* of *God*, and this of *Man*.
Who first taught Souls enslav'd, and Realms undone,
Th' enormous Faith of *Many made for one* ?
That proud Exception to all Nature's Laws ;
T' invert the World, and counteract its *Cause* ?
Force first made *Conquest*, and the *Conquest Law*,
Till *Superstition* taught the Tyrant Awe,

Then shar'd the Tyranny, and lent it Aid,
And Gods of Conqn'rors, Slaves of Subjects made;
She, midst the Light'ning's Blaze, and Thunder's
Sound,

When rock'd the Mountains, and when groan'd the
Ground,

She taught the Weak to bend, the Proud to pray
To Power unseen, and mightier far than they.

She from the rending Earth, and bursting Skies
Saw *Gods* descend, and *Fiends* infernal rise,

Here fix'd the dreadful, there the blest Abodes;
Fear made her Devils, and weak *Hope* her Gods.

Gods, partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
Whose Attributes were Rage, Revenge, or Lust;

Such as the Souls of *Cowards* might conceive,
And form'd like *Tyrants*, *Tyrants* would believe.

Zeal then, not Charity, became the Guide,
And *Hell* was built on *Spite*, and *Heaven* on *Pride*.

Then sacred seem'd th' Æthereal Vault no more;
Altars grew Marble then, and reek'd with Gore:

Then First the *Flamen* tasted living Food;

Next his grim Idol smear'd with human Blood;

With Heav'n's own Thunder shook the World below,
And play'd the God an Engine on his Foe.

So drives *Self-Love*, thro' Just, and thro' Unjust,
To *One Man's* Power, Ambition, Lucre, Lust;
The same *Self-Love*, in *All*, becomes the Cause
Of what restrains him, Government and Laws,

For what one likes, if others like as well,
What serves one Will, when many Wills rebel?
How shall we keep, what sleeping, or awake,
A weaker may surprize, a stronger take?
His *Safety* must his *Liberty* restrain;
All join to *guard* what *each* desires to *gain*.
Forc'd into Virtue thus by Self-Defence,
Ev'n Kings learn'd Justice and Benevolence;
Self-Love forsook the Path it first pursu'd,
And found the *private* in the *public* Good.

'Twas then, the studious Head, or gen'rous Mind,
Follower of God, or friend of human Kind,
Poet, or Patriot, rose, but to restore
The Faith and Moral, *Nature* gave before:
Resum'd her ancient Light, not *kindled new*;
If not God's *Image*, yet his *Shadow* drew:
Taught Pow'rs due Use to *People* and to *Kings*,
Taught, not to slack, nor strain its tender Springs;
The *Less*, and *Greater*, set so justly true;
That touching *one* must strike the other too,
And jarring Int'rests of themselves create,
The according Music of a *well-mix'd State*.
Such is this *WORLD's great Harmony*, that springs
From *Union*, *Order*, full *Consent* of Things!
Where Small and Great, where Weak and Mighty made
To serve, not suffer, strengthen, not invade,
More *pow'rful* each, as needful to the rest,
And in Proportion, as it blesses, blest,

Draw to one Point, and to one Centre bring
 Beast, Man, or Angel, Servant, Lord or King.
 For *Forms of Government* let Fools contest;
 What e'er is best administer'd, is best:
 For *Modes of Faith* let graceless Zealots fight;
 His can't be wrong whose *Life* is in the right.
 In Faith and Hope Mankind will disagree,
 But all Mankind's Concern is **CHARITY**.
 All must be false that thwart this *One Great End*,
 And all of God, that bless Mankind or mend.
 Man, like the gen'rous Vine supported lives,
 The *Strength* he gains is from th' *Embrace* he gives.
 On their *own Axis* as the Planets run,
 Yet make at once the Circle round the *Sun*:
 So two consistent Motions act the Soul,
 And one regards *Itself*, and one the *Whole*.
 Thus God and Nature link'd the gen'ral Frame,
 And bade *Self-Love* and *Social* be the same.

EPISTLE IV.

O HAPPINESS ! our Being's End and Aim !
Good, Pleasure, Ease, Content ! whate'er thy Name :
That Something still, which prompts th' eternal Sigh,
For which we bear to live, nor fear to die ;
Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'erlook'd, seen double, by the Fool—and wise.
Plant of Celestial Seed ! if dropt below,
Say, in what mortal Soil thou deign'st to grow ?
Fair opening to some Court's propitious Shrine,
Or deep with Diamonds in the flaming Mine,
Twin'd with the Wreaths *Parnassian* Laurels yield,
Or reap'd in Iron Harvests of the Field ?
Where grows—where grows it not ?—If vain our Toil,
We ought to blame the Culture, not the Soil :
Fix'd to no Spot is Happiness sincere ;
'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where,
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And fled from Monarchs, ST. JOHN ! dwells with thee.
Ask of the Learn'd the Way, the Learn'd are blind,
This bids to serve, and that to shun Mankind :
Some place the Bliss in Action, some in Ease,
Those call it Pleasure, and Contentment these :

Some sunk to Beasts find Pleasure end in Pain ;
Some swell'd to Gods, confess ev'n Virtue vain :
Or indolent to each Extreme they fall,
To trust in ev'ry thing, or doubt of all.
Who thus define it, say they more or less
Than this, that Happiness is Happiness ?
Take *Nature's* Path, and mad Opinions leave,
All States can reach it, and all Heads conceive ;
Obvious her Goods, in no Extreme they dwell,
There needs but thinking right and meaning well !
And mourn our various Portions as we please,
Equal is *common Sense* and *common Ease*.

Remember Man ! “ the Universal Cause
“ Acts not by partial, but by general Laws ;”
And makes what Happiness we justly call,
Subsist not in the Good of one, but all.

There's not a Blessing Individuals find,
But some way leans and hearkens to the Kind.
No Bandit fierce, no Tyrant mad with Pride,
No cavern'd Hermit, rests self-satisfied ;
Who most to shun or hate Mankind pretend,
Seek an Admirer, or would fix a Friend.
Abstract what others feel ; what others think,
All Pleasures sicken, and all Glories sink ;
Each has his share, and who would more obtain
Shall find the Pleasure pays not half the Pain.

ORDER is Heaven's first Law ; and this confess,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,

More rich, more wise : but who Infers from hence
That such are *happier*, shocks all common Sense.
Heav'n to Mankind impartial we confess
If all are equal in their Happiness :
But mutual Wants this Happiness increase,
All Nature's Difference keeps all Nature's Peace,
Condition, Circumstance, ~~is not the Thing ;~~
Bliss is the same, in Subject or in King ;
In who obtain Defence, or who defend ;
In him who is, or him who finds a Friend.
Heav'n breathes, thro' every Member of the whole
One common Blessing, as one common Soul :
But Fortune's Gifts, if each alike possess,
And each were equal, must not all contest ?
If then to all Men Happiness was meant,
God in Externals could not place Content.

Fortune her Gifts may variously dispose,
And these be call'd unhappy, happy those ;
But Heav'n's just Balance equal will appear,
While those are plac'd in Hope, and these in Fear :
Not present Good or Ill, the Joy or Curse,
But future Views, of Better, or of Worse.

Oh, Sons of Earth ! attempt ye still to rise
By Mountains pil'd on Mountains, to the Skies ?
Heav'n still with Laughter the vain Toil surveys,
And buries Madmen in the Heaps they raise.

Know, all the Good that Individuals find,
Or God or Nature meant to mere Mankind.

Reason's whole Pleasures, all the Joys of Sense,
Lie in three Words, *Health, Peace, and Competence*.
But Health consists with Temperance alone;
And Peace, fair Virtue! Peace is all thy own;
The Gifts of Fortune Good or Bad may gain;
But these less taste them, as they worse obtain.
Say, in Pursuit of Profit or Delight,
Who risque the most, that take wrong Means or right?
Or Vice or Virtue, whether blest or curst,
Which meets Contempt, or which Compassion first?
Count all th' Advantage prosp'rous Vice attains,
'Tis but what Virtue flies from, and disdains.
And grant the Bad what Happiness they wou'd,
One they must want which is, to pass for Good.
Oh, blind to Truth, and God's whole Scheme below!
Who fancy Bliss to Vice, to Virtue Woe:
Who sees and follows that great Scheme the best,
Best knows his Blessing, and will most be blest.
But Fools the Good alone unhappy call,
For Ills or Accidents that chance to All.
See FALKLAND dies, the Virtuous and the Just!
See God-like TURENNE prostrate on the Dust!
See SIDNEY bleeds amidst the martial Strife!
Was this their *Virtue*, or Contempt of Life?
Say, was it Virtue, more tho' Heav'n ne'er gave,
Lamented DIBBY! sunk thee to the Grave?
Tell me, if Virtue made the Son expire,
Why, full of Days and Honour, lives the Sire?

Why drew *Marfeilles* good Bishop purer Birth,
When Nature sicken'd, and each Gale was Death?
Or why so long (in Life if long can be)
Lent Heav'n a *Parent*, to the *Poor*, and *Me*?

What makes all Physical or Moral Ill?
There deviates Nature, and here wanders Will,
God sends not Ill, if rightly understood,
Or Partial Ill, is Universal Good,
Or Change admits, or Nature lets it fall,
Short, and but rare, till Man improv'd it all.
We just as wisely might of Heav'n complain,
That righteous *Abel* was destroy'd by *Cain*,
As that the virtuous Son is ill at Ease,
When his lewd Father gave the dire Disease.
Think we, like some weak Prince, th' Eternal Cause,
Prone for his Fav'rites to reverse his Laws?

Shall burning *Ætna*, if a Sage requires,
Forget to thunder, and recal her Fires?
On Air or Sea new Motions be impress'd,
A blameless *Bethel*! to relieve thy Breast?
When the loose Mountain trembles from on high?
Shall Gravitation cease, if you go by?
Or some old Temple nodding to its Fall,
For *Chartres* Head reserve the hanging Wall?

But still this world (so fitted for the Knave
'Contents us not. A better shall we have?
A Kingdom of the Just then let it be:
But first consider how those Just agree,

The Good must merit God's peculiar Care :
But who but God, can tell us who they are ?
One thinks on *Calvin* Heav'n's own Spirit fell,
Another deems him Instrument of Hell ;
If *Calvin* feels Heav'n's Blessing, or its Rod,
This cries there is, and that, there is no God.
What shocks one Part, will edify the rest.
Nor with one System, can they all be blest.
Give each a System, all must be at Strife ?
What diff'rent Systems for a Man and Wife ?
The very best will variously incline,
And what rewards your Virtue, punish mine.
" Whatever is, is right."—This World, 'tis true
Was made for *Cæsar*—but for *Titus* too :
And which more blest ? who chain'd his Country, say,
Or he, whose Virtue sigh'd to lose a Day ?

" But sometimes Virtue starves, while Vice is fed."
What then ? is the Reward of Virtue, Bread ?
That, Vice may merit ; 'tis the Price of Toil :
The Knave deserves it, when he tills the Soil ;
The Knave deserves it, when he tempts the main,
Where Folly fights for Kings, or dives for Gain.
The good Man may be weak, be indolent,
Nor is his Claim to Plenty, but Content.
But grant him Riches, your Demand is o'er ?
" No—shall the Good want Health, the Good want
Power ?"

And Health and Power, and ev'ry earthly Thing :
“ Why bounded Power ; why private ? why no
King ? ”

Nay, why external for internal given,
Why is not Man a God, and Earth a Heaven ?
Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive
God gives enough while he has more to give ;
Immense the pow'r, immense were the Demand ;
Say, at what part of Nature will they stand ?

What nothing earthly gives or can destroy,
The Soul's calm Sun shine, and the Heart-felt Joy,
Is Virtue's Prize. A better would you fix,
And give Humility a Coach and Six ?
Justice a Conqu'ror's Sword, or Truth a Gown,
Or public Spirit, its great Cure, a Crown ?
Weak, foolish Man, will Heav'n reward us there,
With the same Trash mad Mortals wish for here ?
The Boy and Man an Individual makes
Yet fight'st thou now for Apples and for Cakes ?
Go, like the Indian, in another Life
Expect thy Dog, thy Bottle, and thy Wife.
As well as dream such Trifles are assign'd
As Toys and Empires for a Godlike Mind.
Rewards that either would to Virtue bring
No Joy, or be destructive of the Thing.
How oft by these at Sixty are undone,
The Virtues of a Saint at Twenty-One !

To whom can Riches give Repute, or Trust
Content, or Pleasure, but the Good or Just?

Judges and Senates have been bought for Gold;
Esteem and Love were never to be sold.

O Fool! to think, God hates the worthy Mind,
The Lover, and the Love, of Human Kind,
Whose Life is healthful, and whose Conscience clear;
Because he wants a Thousand Pounds a Year!

Honour and Shame from no Condition rise;
Act well your Part, there all the Honour lies.
Fortune in Men has some small Difference made,
One flaunts in Rags, one flutters in Brocade:
The Cocker apron'd, and the Parson gown'd,
The Friar hooded, and the Monarch crown'd.
"What differ more (you cry) that Crown and Cowl?"
I'll tell you, Friend; a wise Man, and a Fool.
You'll find, if once the Monarch acts the Monk,
Or Cocker like, the Parson will be drunk;
Worth makes the Man, and Want of it the Fellow;
The rest, is all but Leather, or Prunella.

Stuck oer with *Titles*, and hung round with Strings,
That thou may'st be, by Kings, or Whores of Kings.
Thy boasted Blood, a Thousand Years or so,
May from *Lucretia* to *Lucretia* flow:
But by your Father's Worth, if your's you rate,
Count me those only who are good and great.
Go! if your ancient, but if ignoble Blood,
Has crept thro' Scoundrels ever since the Flood,

Go! and pretend your Family is young;
Nor own your Fathers have been Fools so long.
What can ennoble Sots, or Slaves, or Cowards?
Alas! not all the Blood of all the HOWARDS.

Look next on Greatness, say where Greatness lies?
“Where, but among the Heroes, and the Wife!”
Heroes are much the same, the Point’s agreed,
From *Macedonia’s* Madman to the *Swede*;
The whole strange Purpose of their Lives, to find,
Or make, an Enemy of all Mankind:
Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
Yet ne’er looks forward, further than his Nose.
No less alike the Politic and Wise,
All fly slow Things, with circumspective Eyes:
Men in their loose, unguarded Hours they take,
Nor that themselves are wise, but others weak.
But grant that those that *conquer*, these can *cheat*,
’Tis Phrase absurd to call a Villain *great*.
Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
Is but the more a Fool, the more a Knave.
Who noble Ends, by noble means obtains,
Or failing, smiles in Exile, or in Chains,
Like good *Aurelius*, let him reign or bleed,
Like *Socrates*, that Man is great indeed.

What’s *Fame*? that fancy’d Life in others Breath!
A Thing beyond us, ev’n before our Death,
Just what you *hear* you have, and what’s unknown,
The same (my Lord if *Tully’s* or your own,)

All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the same Circle of our Foes or Friends ;
To all beside, as much an empty Shade,
An *Eugene* living, as a *Cæsar* dead,
Alike or when or where, they shone or shine,
Or on the *Rubicon*, or on the *Rhine*.
A Wit's a Feather, and a Chief a Rod ;
An honest Man's the noblest Work of God :
Fame but from Death a Villain's Name can save,
As Justice tears his Body from the Grave ;
When what t'Oblivion better were resign'd,
Is hung on high, to poison half Mankind.
All Fame is foreign, but of true Desert,
Plays round the Head, but comes not to the Heart.
One self-approving Hour whole Years out-weighs
Of stupid Starers, and of loud Huzzas ;
And more true Joy *Marcellus* exil'd feels,
Than *Cæsar* with a Senate at his Heels.

In *Parts* superior what Advantage lies !
Tell (for *You* can) what is it to be wise ?
'Tis but to know, how little can be known,
To see all others Faults, and feel our own ;
Condemn'd in Business, or in Arts, to drudge :
Without a Second, or without a Judge :
Truths would you teach, or save a sinking Land ?
All fear, none aid you, and few understand.
Painful Preheminence ! yourself to view
Above Life's Weakness, and its Comforts too

Bring then these Blessings to a strict Account,
Make fair Deductions, see to what they mount?
How much of others each is sure to cost?
How each for other oft is wholly lost?
How inconsistent greater Goods with these?
How sometimes Life is risqu'd, and always Ease?
Think, and if still the *Things* thy Envy call,
Say, would'st thou be the *Man* to whom they fall?
To fight for Ribbands, if thou art so silly,
Mark how they grace Lord *Umbra*, or Sir *Billy*.
Is yellow Dirt the Passion of thy Life?
Look but on *Gripus*, or on *Gripus's* Wife.
If Parts allure thee, think how *Bacon* shin'd,
The wisest, brightest, meanest, of Mankind:
Or ravish'd with the whistling of a Name,
See *Cromwell*, damn'd to everlasting Fame!
If all, united, thy Ambition call,
From ancient Story learn to scorn them all.
There, in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd and great,
See the false Scale of Happiness compleat!
In Hearts of Kings, or Arms of Queens who lay,
(How happy!) those to ruin, these betray;
Mark by what wretched Steps their Glory grows,
From Dirt and Sea weed as proud *Venice* rose;
In each, how Guilt and Greatness equal ran,
And all that rais'd the Hero, sunk the Man.
Now *Europe's* Laurels on their Brows behold,
But stain'd for Blood, or ill exchange'd for Gold:

Then see them broke with Toils, or lost in Ease,
Or infamous for plunder'd Provinces.
Oh Wealth ill fated ! which no act of Fame
E'er taught to shine, or sanctify'd from Shame !
What greater Bliss attends their close of Life ?
Some greedy Minion, or imperious Wife,
The trophy'd Arches, story'd Halls invade,
And haunt their Slumbers in the pompous Shade.
Alas ! not dazzled with their Noon-tide Ray,
Compute the Morn and Evening to the Day ;
The whole amount of that enormous Fame,
A Tale ! that blends their Glory with their Shame !

Know then this Truth (enough for man to know)

VIRTUE alone is Happiness below :

The only Point where human Bliss stands still,
And tastes the Good, without the Fall to Ill ;
Where only Merit constant Pay receives,
Is blest'd in what it takes, and what it gives :
The Joy unequal'd, if its End it gain,
And if it lose, attended with no Pain :
Without Satiety, tho' e'er so blest'd,
And but more relish'd as the more distress'd :
The broadest Mirth unfeeling folly wears,
Less pleasing far than Virtue's very Tears.
Good from each Object, from each Place acquir'd,
For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd ;
Never elated, while one Man's oppress'd,
Never dejected, while another's blest'd ;

And where no Wants, no Wishes, can remain,
Since but to wish more Virtue, is to gain.

See! the sole Bliss Heav'n could on all bestow,
Which who but feels, can taste; but thinks can know:
Yet poor with Fortune, and with Learning blind,
The Bad must miss, the Good untaught will find,
Slave to no Sect, who takes no private Road,
But looks thro' *Nature* up to *Nature's* GOD;
Pursues that *Chain* which links th' immense Design,
Joins Heav'n and Earth, and mortal, and divine;
Sees, that no Being any Bliss can know
But touches some above, and some below;
Learns from this Union of the rising *Whole*,
The first, last Purpose of the human Soul;
And knows where Faith, Law, Morals, all began,
All end, in LOVE of GOD and LOVE of MAN.

For him alone, *Hope* leads from Goal to Goal,
And opens still, and opens, on his Soul,
Till lengthen'd on to *Faith*, and unconfin'd,
It pours the Bliss that fills up all the Mind.
He sees, why Nature plants in Man alone
Hope of known Bliss, and Faith in Bliss unknown?
(Nature whose Dictates to no other Kind
Are giv'n in vain, but what they seek they find)
Wise is the Present; she connects in this
His greatest *Virtue* with his greatest *Bliss*.
At once his own bright Prospect to be blest,
And strongest Motive to assist the rest.

Self-Love thus push'd to Social, to Divine,
Gives thee to make thy Neighbours Blessing thine,
Is this too little for thy boundless Heart?
Extend it, let thy Enemies have part:
Grasp the whole Worlds of Reason Life and Sense,
In one close System of Benevolence,
Happier, as kinder! in whate'er Degree,
And Height of *Bliss*, but Height of CHARITY.

GOD loves from Whole to Parts; but human Soul
Must rise from Individual to the Whole.
Self Love but serves the virtuous Mind to wake
As the small Pebble stirs the peaceful Lake,
The Centre mov'd, a Circle strait succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads;
Friend, Parent, Neighbour, first it will embrace,
His Country next, and next all Human Race;
Wide and more wide, th'O'erflowings of the Mind
Take ev'ry Creature in, of ev'ry Kind
Earth smiles around, with boundless Bounty blest,
And Heav'n beholds its Image, in his Breast.

Come then, my Friend! my Genius come along,
Oh Master of the Poet, and the Song!
And while the Muse now stoops, or now ascends,
To Man's low Passions, or their glorious Ends;
Teach me, like thee, in various Nature wise,
To fall with Dignity, with Temper rise,
Form'd by thy Converse happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe,

Correct with Spirit, eloquent with Ease,
Intent to reason, or polite to please.
Oh! while along the Stream of Time, thy Name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its Fame,
Say, shall my little Bark Attendant sail,
Pursue the Triumph, and partake the Gale;
Shall then this Verse to future Age pretend,
'Thou wert my Guide, Philosopher and Friend?
That urg'd by thee, I tun'd the tuneful Art
From Sounds to Things, from Fancy to the Heart;
For Wit's false Mirror held up Nature's Light;
Shew'd erring Pride *Whatever Is, is Right*;
That *Reason, Passion*, answer one great Aim;
That true *Self Love* and *Social* are the same;
That VIRTUE only makes our *Bliss below*;
And all our *Knowledge is, Ourselves to know*.

THE
UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

DEO. OPT. MAX.

FATHER of All in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime ador'd,
By faint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great First Cause, least understood :
Who all my Sense confin'd
To know but this, that Thou art Good,
And that myself am blind ;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the Good from Ill ;
And binding Nature fast in Fate,
Left free the human will.

What Conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This teach me more than Hell to shun,
That, more than Heav'n pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away :
For God is paid when Man receives,
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to Earth's contracted span
Thy Goodness let me bound,
Or think Thee Lord alone of Man !
When thousand worlds are round :

Let not this weak unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay ;
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish Pride,
Or impious Discontent,

At aught thy Wisdom has deny'd,
Or aught thy Goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see ;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me,

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quicken'd by thy breath ;
Oh lead me wherefoe'er I go,
Through this day's life or death.

This day, be Bread and Peace my lot :
All else beneath the Sun,
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
And let Thy Will be done.

To Thee, whose Temple is all space,
Whose Altar, Earth, Sea, Skies !
One Chorus let all Being raise !
All Nature's Incense rise !



THE [illegible] OF [illegible]

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THE
GRAVE,

A
POEM.



By ROBERT BLAIR.



The house appointed for all living.

JOB.

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THE
GRAVE,

A
POEM.

WHILST some affect the sun, and some the shade,
Some flee the city, some the hermitage;
Their aims as various, as the roads they take
In journeying through life;—the task be mine
To paint the gloomy horrors of the *Tomb*;
Th' appointed place of rendezvous, where all
These travellers meet.—Thy succours I implore,
Eternal King! whose potent arm sustains
The keys of hell and death.—The *Grave*, dread thing;
Men shiver when thou'rt nam'd. Nature apall'd,
Shakes off her wonted firmness.—Ah! how dark
Thy long extended realms, and rueful wastes!
Where nought but but *silence* reigns, and *night*, dark *night*,
Dark as was *chaos*, e'er the infant sun
Was roll'd together, or had try'd his beams
Athwart the gloom profound.—The sickly taper,

By glimmering through thy low-brow'd misty vaults,
 (Furr'd round with mouldy damp, and ropy slime,)
 Lets fall a supernumerary horror,
 And only serves to make thy night more irksome.
 Well do I know thee by the trusty *Yew*,
 Cheerless, unsocial plant ; that loves to dwell
 'Midst sculls and coffins, epitaphs and worms :
 Where light-heel'd ghosts, and visionary shades,
 Beneath the wan cold moon (as fame reports)
 Embody'd, thick, perform their mystic rounds,
 No other merriment, dull tree, is thine.

SEE yonder hallow'd fane ;—the pious work
 Of names once fam'd, now dubious or forgot.
 And bury'd 'midst the wreck of things which were,
 There lie interr'd the more illustrious dead.
 The wind is up : hark ! how it howls ! Methinks
 Till now I never heard a sound so dreary :
 Doors crack, and windows clap, and night's foul bird,
 Rook'd in the spire, screams loud : the gloomy isles
 Black plaister'd, and hung round with shreds of
 'scutcheons

And tatter'd coats of arms, send back the sound
 Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults,
 The mansions of the dead.—Rous'd from their slumbers
 In grim array the grisly spectres rise,
 Grin horrible, and obstinately sullen,
 Pass and repass, hush'd as the foot of night.

Again the screech-owl shrieks : ungracious sound !
I'll hear no more, it makes one's blood run chill.

QUITE round the pile ; a row of rev'rend elms,
(Coæval near with that), all ragged shew,
Long lash'd by the rude winds. Some rift half down
Their branchless trunks ; others so thin a-top,
That scarce two crows can lodge in the same tree.
Strange things, the neighbours say, have happen'd here :
Wild shrieks have issu'd from the hollow tombs :
Dead men have come again and walk'd about ;
And the great bell has toll'd, unring, untouch'd.
(Such tales their chear at Wake or Gossiping,
When it draws near to witching time of night.)

OFt, in the lone church-yard at night I've seen,
By glimpse of moon-shine chequering through the trees,
The school-boy with his fatchel in his hand,
Whistling aloud to bear his courage up,
And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones,
(With nettles skirted, and with moss o'er grown,)
That tell in homely phrase who lye below.
Sudden he starts, and hears, or thinks he hears,
The sound of something purring at his heels ;
Full fast he flies ; and dares not look behind him,
Till out of breath he overtakes his fellows ;
Who gather round, and wonder at the tale
Of horrid *Apparition*, tall and ghastly,

That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand
O'er some new open'd grave ; and (strange to tell !)
Vanishes at crowing of the cock.

THE new-made *Widow*, too, I've sometimes spy'd,
Sad sight ! slow moving o'er the prostrate dead ;
Listless, she crawls along in doleful black,
Whilst burst of sorrow gush from either eye,
Fast falling down her now untasted cheek.
Prone on the lowly grave of the dear man
She drops, while busy meddling Memory,
In barbarous succession musters up
The past endearments of their softer hours,
Tenacious of its theme. Still, still she thinks
She sees him, and indulging the fond thought,
Clings yet more closeless to the senseless turf,
Nor heeds the passenger who looks that way.

INVIDIOUS GRAVE !—how dost thou rend in sunder
Whom Love has knit, and Sympathy made one ?
A tie more stubborn far than Nature's band.
Friendship ! mysterious cement of the soul ;
Sweetener of life, and folder of society,
I owe thee much. Thou hast deserv'd from me,
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.
Oft have I prov'd the labours of thy love,
And the warm efforts of the gentle heart,
Anxious to please.—Oh ! when my friend and I

In some thick wood have wander'd heedless on,
 Hid from the vulgar eye, and sat us down
 Upon the sloping cowslip-cover'd bank,
 Where the pure limpid stream has slid along
 In grateful errors through the under-wood,
 Sweet murmuring; methought the shrill-tongu'd thrush
 Mended his song of love; the sooty black-bird
 Mellow'd his pipe, and soften'd every note:
 The eglantine smell'd sweeter, and the rose
 Assum'd a dye more deep; whilst ev'ry flower
 Vy'd with its fellow-plant in luxury
 Of dress. — Oh! then, the longest summer's day
 Seem'd too, too much in haste: still the full heart
 Had not imparted half: 'twas happiness
 Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed,
 Not to return, how painful the remembrance!

DULL GRAVE—thou spoil'st the dance of youthful
 blood,

Strik'st out the dimple from the cheek of mirth,
 And ev'ry smirking feature from the face;
 Branding our *Laughter* with the name of *Madness*.
 Where are the *Jesters* now? the men of health.
 Complexionally pleasant? Where the *Droll*,
 Whose ev'ry look and gesture was a joke
 To clapping theatres and shouting crouds,
 And made ev'n thick-lip'd musing melancholy
 To gather up her face into a smile

Before she was aware? Ah! sullen now,
And dumb as the green turf that covers them,

WHERE are the mighty thunderbolts of war?
The *Roman Cæsars*, and the *Grecian Chiefs*,
The boast of story? Where the hot-brain'd youth;
Who the *Tiara* at his pleasure tore
From kings of all the then discover'd globe;
And cry'd, forsooth, because his arm was hamper'd,
And had not room enough to do its work?
Alas! how slim, dishonourably slim,
And cramb'd into a space we blush to name!
Proud *Royalty*! how alter'd in thy looks!
How blank thy features, and how wan thy hue
Son of the morning! whither art thou gone!
Where hast thou hid thy many spangled head,
And the majestic menace of thine eyes,
Telt from afar? Pliant and powerless now,
Like new-born infant wound up in his swathes,
Or victim tumbled flat upon its back,
That throbs beneath the sacrificer's knife.
Mute, must thou bear the strife of little tongues,
And coward insults of the base-born croud;
That grudge a privilege thou never hadst,
But only hop'd for in the peaceful *Grave*,
Of being unmolested and alone,
Arabia's gums and odoriferous drugs.
And honours by the *Heralds* duly paid

In mode and form, ev'n to a very scruple ;
Oh cruel *irony* ! these come too late ;
And only mock whom they were meant to honour
Surely there's not a dungeon slave that's bury'd
In the high-way, unshrouded and uncoffin'd,
But lyes as soft, and sleeps as sound as he.
Sorry pre-eminence of high descent,
Above the vulgar born, to rot in state.

BUR fee ! the well-plum'd *Hearse* comes noddling on
Stately and slow ; and properly attended
By the whole fable tribe, that painful watch
'The sick man's door, and live upon the dead,
By letting out their persons by the hour,
To mimic sorrow, when the heart's not sad.
How rich the trappings ? now they're all unfurl'd,
And glit'ring in the sun ; triumphant entries
Of conquerors, and coronation pomps,
In glory scarce exceed. Great gluts of people
Retard th' unweildy show ; whilst from the casements
And houses tops, ranks behind ranks close wedg'd
Hang bellying o'er. But tell us, why this waste ?
Why this ado in earthing up a carcase
That's fall'n into disgrace, and in the nostril
Smells horrible ?—Ye *Undertakers*, tell us,
'Midst all the gorgeous figures you exhibit,
Why is the principle conceal'd, for which
You make this mighty stir,——'Tis wisely done :

What would offend the eye in a good picture,
The painter casts discreetly into shades.

PROUD *Lineage*, now how little thou appear'st
Below the envy of the private man.

Honour, that meddling officious ill,
Pursues thee ev'n to death ; nor there stops short.
Strange persecution ! when the *Grave* itself
Is no protection from rude sufferance.

ABSURD to think to over-reach the *Grave*,
And from the wreck of names to rescue ours.
The best concerted schemes men lay for fame
Die fast away ; only themselves die faster.
The far fam'd *Sculptor*, and the laurell'd *Bard*,
Those bold insurers of deathless fame,
Supply their little feeble aids in vain.
The tapering *Pyramid*, th' *Ægyptian's* pride,
And wonder of the world, whose spiky top
Has wounded the thick cloud, and long outliv'd
The shaking of the winter's storm ;
Yet spent at last by th' injuries of heaven,
Shatter'd with age, and furrow'd o'er with years.
The mystic cone with hieroglyphics crusted,
At once gives way. Oh ! lamentable sight,
The labour of whole ages, lumbers down,
A hideous and mishapen length of ruins.
Sepulchral columns wrestle but in vain
With all-subduing Time : her cank'ring hand

With calm delib'rate malice wasteth them :
Worn on the edge of days the brass consumes,
The busto moulders, and the deep cut marble,
Unsteady to the steel, gives up its charge.
Ambition, half convicted of her folly,
Hangs down the head, and reddens at the tale.

HERE all the mighty *troublers of the earth*,
Who swam to sov'reign rule thro' seas of blood ;
Th' oppressive, sturdy, man-destroying villains,
Who ravag'd kingdoms, and laid empires waste,
And in a cruel wantonness of power,
Thinn'd states of half their people, and gave up
To want the rest : now, like a storm that's spent,
Lie hush'd, and meanly sneak behind the covert.
Vain thought ! to hide them from the gen'ral scorn
That haunts and dogs them like an injur'd ghost
Implacable.—Here too the *petty Tyrant*,
Whose scant domains *Geographer* ne'er notic'd,
And, well for neighbouring grounds, of arm as short,
Who fix'd his iron talons on the poor,
And grip'd them like some lordly beast of prey ;
Deaf to the forceful cries of gnawing Hunger,
And piteous plaintive voice of Misery ;
(As if a *Slave* was not a shred of nature,
Of the same common nature with his lord ;)
Now tame and humble, like a child that's whip'd,

Shakes hands with dust, and calls the worm his kinsman;
 Nor pleads his rank and birthright. Under ground
Precedency's a jest; vassal and lord,
 Grossly familiar, side by side consume.

When self-esteem, or others' adulation,
 Would cunningly persuade us we were something
 Above the common level of our kind,
 The *Grave* gainsays the smooth complexion'd flatt'ry,
 And with blunt truth acquaints us what we are.

BEAUTY,—thou pretty plaything, dear conceit,
 That steals so softly o'er the stripling's heart,
 And gives it a new pulse, unknown before,
 The *Grave* discredits thee: thy charms expung'd,
 Thy roses faded, and thy lilies soil'd.
 What hast thou more to boast of? Will thy lovers
 Flock round thee now, to gaze and do thee homage?
 Methinks I see thee with thy head now laid,
 Whilst surfeited upon thy damask cheek
 The high-fed *Worm*, in lazy volumes roll'd,
 Riots unscar'd.—For this was all thy caution?
 For this, thy painful labours at thy glass?
 T' improve those charms, and keep them in repair,
 For which the spoiler thanks thee not. Foul feeder,
 Coarse fare and carrion please thee full as well,
 And leave as keen a relish on the sense.
 Look how the fair one weeps!—the conscious tears

Stand thick as dew drops on the bells of flow'rs :
Honest effusion ! the swoln heart in vain
Works hard to put a gloss on its distress.

STRENGTH too—thou furly, and less gentle boast
Of those that loud laugh at the village ring ;
A fit of common sickness pulls thee down
With greater ease than e'er thou didst the stripling
That rashly dar'd thee to th' unequal fight.
What groan was that I heard ?—deep groan indeed !
With anguish heavy laden ; let me trace it :
From yonder bed it comes, where the strong man,
By stronger arm belabour'd, gasps for breath
Like a hard hunted beast. How his great heart
Beats thick ! his roomy chest by far too scant.
To give the lungs full play.—What now avail
The strong built finewy limbs, and well-spread shoul-
ders ?

See how he tugs for life, and lays about him,
Mad with his pain ! Eager he catches hold
Of what comes next to hand, and grasps it hard,
Just like a creature drowning ; hideous sight !
Oh ! how his eyes stand out, and stare full ghastly !
Whilst the distemper's rank and deadly venom
Shoot like a burning arrow cross his bowels,
And drinks his marrow up.—Heard you that groan ?
It was his last.—See how great *Goliath*,
Just like a child that brawl'd itself to rest,

Lyes still.—What mean'st thou then, O mighty
Boaster,

To vaunt of nerves of thine? What means the bull,
Unconscious of his strength, to play the coward,
And flee before a feeble thing like man;
That, knowing well the slackness of his arm,
Trusts only in the well-invented knife?

WITH *study* pale, and midnight vigils spent,
The star-surveying *Sage* close to his eye
Applies the sight invigorating tube;
And travelling through the boundless length of space,
Marks well the courses of the far-seen orbs
That roll with regular confusion there,
In ecstacy of thought. But ah! proud man,
Great heights are hazardous to the weak head;
Soon, very soon, thy firmest footing fails;
And down thou drop'st into that darksome place,
Where *nor device nor knowledge* ever came.

HERE the *Tongue warrior* lyes disabled now,
Disarm'd, dishonour'd, like a wretch that's gagg'd
And cannot tell his ail to passers by.
Great men of language,—whence this mighty change,
This dumb despair, and drooping of the head?
'Tho' strong persuasion hung upon thy lip,
And sly insinuation's softer arts
In ambush lay about thy flowing tongue;

Alas! how chop-fall'n now? Thick mists and silence
Rests, like a weary cloud, upon thy breast
Unceasing.—An! where is the lifted arm,
The strength of action, and the force of words,
The well turn'd period, and the well tun'd voice,
With all the lesser ornaments of phrase?
Ah! fled for ever, as if they ne'er had been,
Raz'd from the book of fame; or, more provoking,
Perchance some hackney hunger bitten Scribbler
Insults thy memory, and blots thy tomb
With long flat narrative, or duller rhimes,
With heavy halting pace that drawl along;
Enough to rouse a dead man into rage,
And warm with red resentment the wan cheek,

HERE the great masters of the *Healing-art*,
These mighty mock defrauders of the *Tomb*,
Spite of their *juleps* and *catholicons*
Resign to fate.—Proud *Æsculapius'* son!
Where are thy boasted implements of Art,
And all thy well cram'd magazines of Health;
Nor hill nor vale, as far as ship could go,
Nor margin of the gravel bottom'd brook,
Escap'd thy rifling hand:—from stubborn shrubs
Thou wrung'st their shy-retiring Virtues out,
And vex'd them in the fire; nor fly nor insect,
Nor writhy-snake, escap'd thy deep research.
But why this *apparatus*? why this cost?

Tell us, thou doughty keeper from the *Grave*,
Where are thy *recipes* and *cordials* now,
With the long list of vouchers for thy cures !
Alas ! thou speakest not.—The bold impostor
Looks not more silly, when the cheat's found out.

HERE the lank sided *Miser*, worst of felons,
Who meanly stole, (discreditable shift,)
From back, and belly too, their proper cheer,
Eas'd of a tax it irk'd the wretch to pay
To his own carcase ; now lyes cheaply lodg'd,
By clam'rous appetites no longer teaz'd,
Nor tedious bills of charges and repairs.
But ah ! where are his rents, his comings-in !
Ay ! now you've made the rich man poor indeed !
Robb'd of his gods, what has he left behind ?
Oh ! cursed lust of gold ; when for thy sake,
The fool throws up his int'rest in both worlds :
First starvd' in this, then damn'd in that to come.

How shocking must thy summons be, *O Death* ?
To him that is at ease in his possessions ;
Who, counting on long years of pleasure here,
Is quite unfurnish'd for that world to come ?
In that dread moment, how the frantic Soul
Raves round the walls of her clay tenement ;
Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help,
But shrieks in vain ?—How wishfully she looks

On all she's leaving, now no longer her's!
A little longer, yet a little longer,
Oh! might she stay, to wash away her stains,
And fit her for her passage.—Mournful sight!
Her very eyes weep blood;—and every groan
She heaves is big with horror.—But the Foe,
Like a staunch murd'rer, steady to his purpose,
Pursues her close thro' every lane of life,
Nor misses once the track, but presses on;
Till forc'd at last to the tremendous verge,
At once she sinks to everlasting ruin.

SURE 'tis a serious thing to *die*! My soul,
What a strange moment must it be, when near
Thy journey's end, thou hast the gulf in view!
That awful gulf, no mortal e'er repass'd
To tell what's doing on the other side.
Nature runs back, and shudders at the sight,
And every life-string bleeds at thoughts of parting;
For part they must; *Body* and *Soul* must part;
Fond couple; link'd more close than wedded pair
This wings its way to its almighty Source,
The Witness of its actions, now its judge;
That drops into the dark and noisome *Grave*,
Like a disabled pitcher of no use.

If *death* was nothing, and nought *after Death*;
If when men dy'd, at once they ceas'd to be

Returning to the barren womb of Nothing,
 Whence first they sprung, then might the debauchee
 Untrembling mouth the Heavens :—then might the
 drunkard

Reel over his full bowl, and when 'tis drain'd,
 Fill up another to the brim, and, laugh
 At the poor bugbear *Death* ;—then might the wretch
 That's weary of the world, and tir'd of life,
 At once give each inquietude the slip,
 By stealing out of being when he pleas'd,
 And by what way ; whether by hemp or steel,
Death's thousand doors stand open.—Who could force
 The ill-pleas'd guest to sit out his full time,
 Or blame him if he goes ?——Sure he does well
 That helps himself as timely as he can,
 When able.—But if there is an *hereafter*,
 And there is, Conscience, uninfluenc'd,
 And suffer'd to speak out, tells ev'ry man ;
 Then must it be an awful thing *to die* :
 More horrid yet to die by one's own hand.
Self-murder !——name it not : our Island's shame :
 That makes her the reproach of neighbouring states.
 Shall Nature, swerving from her earliest dictate,
 Self-preservation, fall by her own act ?
 Forbid it, Heaven !——Let not, upon disgust,
 The shameless hand be foully crimson'd o'er
 With blood of its own lord.—Dreadful attempt !
 Just reeking from self-slaughter, in a rage

To rush into the presence of our Judge ;
As if we challeng'd him to do his worst,
And matter'd not his wrath !—Unheard-of tortures
Must be reserv'd for such : these herd together ;
The common damn'd shun their society,
And look upon themselves as fiends less foul.
Our time is fix'd, and all our days are number'd ;
How long, how short, we know not.—This we know,
Duty requires we calmly wait the summons,
Nor dare to stir till Heav'n shall give permission,
Like centries that must keep their destin'd stand,
And wait the appointed hour, till they're reliev'd,
Those only are the brave that keep their ground,
And keep it to the last. To run away
Is but a coward's trick. To run away
From this world's ills, that at the very worst
Will soon blow o'er, thinking to mend ourselves,
By boldly vent'ring on a world unknown,
And plunging headlong in the dark ;—'tis mad ;
No frenzy half so desperate as this.

TELL us, ye Dead ; will none of you, in pity
To those you left behind, disclose the secret ?
Oh ! that some courteous ghost would blab it out ;
What 'tis you are, and we must shortly be.
've heard, that souls departed, have sometimes
Forewarn'd men of their death ;—'twas kindly done
To knock, and give the alarm.—But what means

This stinted charity?—Tis but lame kindness
 That does its work by halves.—Why might you not
 Tell us what 'tis *to die*?—Do the strict laws
 Of your society forbid your speaking
 Upon a point so nice?—I'll ask no more :
 Sullen, like lamps in sepulchres, your shine
 Enlightens but yourselves. Well, 'tis no matter ;
 A very little time will clear up all,
 And make us learn'd as you are, and as close.

DEATH's shafts fly thick :—Here falls the village-
 swain,

And there his pamper'd lord.—The cup goes round,
 And who so artful as to put it by !
 'Tis long since *Death* had the majority ;
 Yet strange ! *the Living lay it not to heart*.
 See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,
 The *Sexton*, hoary-headed chronicle,
 Of hard unmeaning face, down which ne'er stole
 A gentle tear ; with mattock in his hand
 Digs through whole rows of kindred and acquaintance
 By far his juniors.—Scarce a scull's cast up
 But well he knew its owner, and can tell
 Some passage of his life.—Thus hand in hand
 The sot has walk'd with *Death* twice twenty years ;
 And yet ne'er yonker on the green laughs louder,
 Or clubs a smuttier tale :—When drunkards meet
 None sings a merrier catch, or lends a hand
 More willing to his cup.—Poor wretch ! he minds not

That soon some trusty brother of the trade
Shall do for him what he has done for thousands.

ON this side, and on that men see their friends
Drop off, like leaves in autumn ; yet launch out
Into fantastic schemes, which the long livers
In the world's hale and undegen'rate days
Could scarce have leisure for.—Fools that we are,
Never to think of *Death*, and of *ourselves*
At the same time : as if to learn *to die*
Were no concern of ours.—Oh ! more than sottish,
For creatures of a day, in gamefome mood,
To frolic on eternity's dread brink
Unapprehensive ; when, for aught we know,
The very first swollen surge shall sweep us in.
Think we, or think we not, *Time* hurries on
With a resistless unremitting stream ;
Yet treads more soft than e'er did midnight-thief,
That slides his hand under the miser's pillow,
And carries off his prize.—What is *this World* ;
What ? but a spacious *burial field* unwall'd,
Strew'd with Death's spoils, the spoils of animals
Savage and tame, and full of dead men's bones.
The very turf on which we tread once liv'd ;
And we that live must lend our carcases
To cover our own offspring :—In their turns
They too must cover theirs.—'Tis *here* all meet,
The shiv'ring *Icelander*, and sunburnt *Moor* ;

Men of all climes, that never met before ;
And of all creeds, the *Jew*, the *Turk*, the *Christian*.
Here the proud *Prince*, and *Favourite* yet prouder,
His sov'reign's keeper, and the people's scourge,
Are huddled out of sight.—Here lie abash'd
The great *Negotiators* of the earth,
And celebrated *Masters of the balance* ;
Deep read in stratagems, and wiles of courts.
Now vain their *Treaty skill* ;—Death scorns to treat.
Here the o'erloaded *Slave* flings down his burden
From his gall'd shoulders ;—and when the cruel Tyrant,
With all his guards, and tools of power about him,
Is meditating new unheard-of hardships,
Mocks his short arm ;—and quick as thought escapes
Where tyrants vex not, and the weary rest.
Here the warm *Lover*, leaving the cool shade,
The tell-tale echo, and the babbling stream,
(Time out of mind the fav'rite seats of Love,)
Fast by his gentle mistress lays him down,
Unblasted by foul tongue.—Here friends and foes
Lie close, unmindful of their former feuds.
The lawn-rob'd *Prelate* and plain *Presbyter*,
E'er while that stood aloof, as shy to meet,
Familiar mingle here, like sister streams
That some rude interposing rock had split.
Here is the large limb'd *Peasant* :—Here the *Child*
Of a span long, that never saw the sun,

Nor press'd the nipple, strangled in Life's porch.
Here is the *Mother*, with her sons and daughters :
The barren *Wife*, and long-demurring *Maid*,
Whose lonely unappropriated sweets
Smil'd like yon knot of cowslips on the cliff,
Not to be come at by the willing hand.
Here are the *Prude* severe, and gay *Coquet*,
The sober *Widow*, and the young green *Virgin*,
Cropp'd like a rose before 'tis fully blown,
Or half its worth disclos'd. Strange medley *here* !
Here garrulous *Old Age* winds up his tale ;
And jovial *Youth*, of lightsome vacant heart,
Whose ev'ry day was made of melody,
Hears not the voice of mirth :--The shrill-tongu'd *Shrew*,
Meek as the turtle-dove, forgets her chiding.
Here are the wise, the generous, and the brave ;
The just, the good, the worthless, the profane,
The downright clown, and perfectly well-bred :
The fool, the churl, the scoundrel, and the mean.
The supple statesman, and the patriot stern ;
The wrecks of nations, and the spoils of Time,
With all the lumber of six thousand years.

POOR *Man* !—how happy once in thy *first state* !
When yet but warm from thy great Maker's hand,
He stamp'd thee with his image, and, well pleas'd,
Smil'd on his last fair work.—Then all was well.

Sound was the *Body*, and the *Soul* serene;
Like two sweet instruments, ne'er out of tune,
That play their several parts.—Nor head, nor heart,
Offer'd to ache: nor was there cause they should;
For all was pure within: no fell remorse,
Nor anxious casting-up of what might be,
Alarm'd his peaceful bosom.—Summer seas
Shew not more smooth, when kiss'd by southern winds,
Just ready to expire.—Scarce importun'd,
'The generous soil, with a luxurious hand,
Offer'd the various produce of the year,
And ev'ry thing most perfect in its kind.
Blessed! thrice blessed days!—But ah! how short!
Bless'd as the pleasing dreams of holy men;
But fugitive like those, and quickly gone.
Oh! slipp'ry state of things.—What sudden turns!
What strange vicissitudes in the first leaf
Of man's sad history!—To day most happy,
And e're to-morrow's sun has set, most abject.
How scant the space between these vast extremes!
Thus far'd it with *our fire*;—Not long h' enjoy'd
His paradise.—Scarce had the happy tenant
Of the fair spot due time to prove its sweets,
Or sum them up, when straight he must be gone,
Ne'er to return again,—And must he go?
Can nought compound for the first dire offence
Of erring man?—Like one that is condemn'd,

Fain would he trifle time with idle talk,
And parley with his fate.—But 'tis in vain,
Not all the lavish odours of the place,
Offer'd in incense, can procure his pardon,
Or mitigate his doom.—A mighty Angel,
With flaming sword, forbids his longer stay,
And drives the loiterer forth; nor must he take
One last and farewell round.—At once he lost
His glory and his God. If mortal now,
And sorely maim'd, no wonder,—*Man has sinn'd.*
Sick of his bliss, and bent on new adventures,
Evil he needs must try; nor try'd in vain.
(Dreadful experiment! destructive measure!
Where the worst thing could happen, is success.)
Alas! too well he sped.—The *Good* he scorn'd
Stalk'd off reluctant, like an ill us'd ghost,
Not to return;—or if it did, its visits,
Like those of *Angels*, short and far between:
Whilst the black *Dæmon*, with his hell scap'd train,
Admitted once into its better room,
Grew loud and mutinous, nor would be gone;
Lording it o'er the *Man*; who now too late
Saw the rash error, which he could not mend:
An error fatal not to him alone,
But to his future sons, his fortune's heirs,
Inglorious bondage!—Human nature groans
Beneath a vassalage so vile and cruel,
And its vast body bleeds thro' ev'ry vein.

WHAT havock hast thou made, foul monster, *Sin*!
Greatest and first of ills.—The fruitful parent
Of woes of all dimensions!—But for *Thee*
Sorrow had never been.—All noxious thing,
Of vilest nature!—Other sorts of evils
Are kindly circumscrib'd, and have their bounds.
The fierce *Volcano*, from his burning entrails
That belches molten Stone and globes of fire,
Involv'd in pitchy clouds of smoke and stench,
Marrs the adjacent fields for some leagues round,
And there it stops—The big-swoln *Inundation*,
Of mischief more diffusive, raving loud,
Buries whole tracks of country, threat'ning more;
But that too has its shore it cannot pass.
More dreadful far than these! *Sin* has laid waste,
Not here and there a country, but a *World*:
Dispatching at a wide extended blow
Entire mankind; and for their sakes defacing
A whole creation's beauty with rude hands;
Blasting the foodful grain, the loaded branches,
And marking all along its way with ruin.
Accursed thing!—Oh! where shall fancy find
A proper name to call thee by, expressive
Of all thy horrors?—Pregnant womb of ills!
Of temper so transcendently malign,
That toads and serpents, of most deadly kind,
Compar'd to thee are harmless.—Sicknesses

Of ev'ry size and symptom, racking pains,
And bluest plagues are thine.—See how the Fiend
Profusely scatters the contagion round !
Whilst deep mouth'd Slaughter, bellowing at her heels ;
Wades deep in blood new spilt ; yet for to-morrow
Shapes out new work of great uncommon daring,
And inly pines till the dread blow is struck.

BUT hold.—I've gone too far ; too much discover'd
My father's nakedness, and Nature's shame.
Here let me pause and drop an honest tear,
One burst of filial duty and condolence,
O'er all those ample deserts *Death* has spread,
This *Chaos* of mankind.—O great *Man-eater* ;
Whose ev'ry day is *Carnival*, not fated yet !
Unheard of *Epicure* ! without a fellow !
The veryest *Gluttons* do not always cram ;
Some intervals of abstinence are fought
To edge the appetite : Thou seekest none.
Methinks the countless swarms thou hast devour'd,
And thousands that each hour thou gobblest up,
This less than *this*, might gore thee to the full,
But ah ! rapacious still, thou gap'st for more :
Like one, whole days defrauded of his meals,
On whom lank Hunger lays her skinny hand,
And whets to keenest eagerness his cravings.
As if diseases, massacres and poison,
Famine and war, were not thy caterers.

BUT know, that thou must *render up thy Dead*.
 And with high int'rest too.—They are not thine :
 But only in thy keeping for a season,
 Till the great promis'd day of Restitution ;
 When loud diffusive sound of brazen trump
 Of strong-lung'd Cherub, shall alarm thy captives,
 And rouse the long, long sleepers into life,
 Day-light and liberty.—
Then must thy grates fly open, and reveal
 The mines that lay long forming under ground,
 In their dark cells immur'd ; but now full ripe,
 And pure as silver from the crucible,
 That twice has stood the torture of the fire,
 And inquisition of the forge.—We know
 Th' illustrious Deliverer of mankind,
 THE SON of GOD, thee foil'd.—Him in thy pow'r
 Thou couldst not hold :—Self-vigorous he rose
 And shaking off thy fetters, soon retook
 Those spoils his voluntary yielding lent :
 (Sure pledge of our releasment from thy thrall !)
 Twice twenty days he sojourn'd here on earth,
 And shew'd himself alive to *chosen Witnesses*,
 By proofs so strong, that the most slow assenting
 Had not a scruple left.—This having done,
 He mounted up to heav'n.—Methinks I see him
 Climb the aerial heights, and glide along
 Athwart the severing clouds : but the faint eye,
 Flung backwards in the chace, soon drops its hold ;

Disabled quite, and jaded with pursuing.
Heaven's portals wide expand to let him in ;
Nor are his friends shut out : as some great Prince
Not for himself alone procures admission,
But for his train.—It was his royal will,
That where he is, there should his followers be.
Death only lies between.—A gloomy path !
Made yet more gloomy by our coward fears :
But not untrod, nor tedious : the fatigue
Will soon go off.—Beside, there's no by-road
To bliss.—Then, why, like ill condition'd children,
Start we at transient hardships in the way
That leads to purer air, and softer skies,
And a ne'er setting sun !—Fools that we are !
We wish to be, where sweets unwith'ring bloom,
But strait our wish revoke, and will not go.
So have I seen, upon a summer's ev'n,
Fast by the riv'let's brink, a youngster play :
How wishfully he looks to stem the tide !
This moment resolute, next unresolv'd :
At last he dips his foot ; but as he dips,
His fears redouble, and he runs away
From th' inoffensive stream, unmindful now
Of all the flow'rs that paint the further bank,
And smil'd so sweet of late.—Thrice welcome *Death*
That after many a painful bleeding step
Conducts us to our home, and lands us safe

On the long wish'd-for shore.—Prodigious change !
 Our bane turn'd to a blessing!—*Death* disarm'd,
 Loses his fellness quite.—All thanks to him
 Who scourg'd the venom out.—Sure the *last end*
 Of the good man is *Peace*!—How calm his *exit* !
 Night-dews fall not more gently to the ground,
 Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft.
 Behold him in the evening tide of life,
 A life well spent, whose early care it was
 His riper years should not upbraid his green ;
 By unperceiv'd degrees he wears away ;
 Yet, like the sun, seems larger at his setting.
 (High in his faith and hopes,) look how he reaches
 After the prize in view ! and, like a bird
 That's hamper'd, struggles hard to get away :
 Whilst the glad gates of fight are wide expanded
 To let new glories in, the first fair fruits
 Of the fast coming harvest,—*Then* !—oh *then* !
 Each earth-born joy grows vile, or disappears,
 Shrunk to a thing of nought.—Oh ! how he longs
 To have his passport sign'd, and be dismiss'd !
 'Tis done ! and now he's happy !—the glad *soul*
 Has not a wish uncrown'd—Ev'n the lag *flesh*
Rests too in hope of meeting, once again
 Its better half, never to sunder more.
 Nor shall it hope in vain.—The time draws on
 When not a single spot of burial earth,

Whether on land, or in the spacious sea,
But must give back its long-committed dust
Inviolatè :—and faithfully shall these
Make up the full account ; nor the least atom
Embezzl'd, or mislaid of the whole tale.
Each SOUL shall have a BODY ready furnish'd,
And each shall have his own.—Hence, ye profane !
Ask not how this can be ?—Sure the same pow'r
That rear'd the piece at first, and took it down,
Can re-assemble the loose scatter'd parts,
And put them as they were.—Almighty God
Has done much more : nor is his arm impair'd
Through length of days. And what he can he will :
His faithfulness stands bound to see it done.
When the dread trumpet sounds, the slumb'ring dust,
(Not unattentive to the call), shall wake :
And ev'ry joint possess its proper place,
With a new elegance of form, unknown
To its first state.—Nor shall the conscious *Soul*
Mistake its partner, but amidst the croud
Singling its other half into its arms,
Shall rush with all th' impatience of a man
That's new come home, who having long been absent,
With haste runs over ev'ry different room,
In pain to see the whole. Thrice happy meeting !
Nor TIME, nor DEATH, shall ever part them more.
'Tis but a night, a long and moonless night,
We make the GRAVE our bed, and then are gone.

THUS, at the shut of ev'n, the weary bird
Leaves the wide air, and in some lonely brake
Cov'rs down, and dozes till the dawn of day,
Then claps his well-fledg'd wings and bears away.



AN
ELEGY,

WRITTEN IN A
COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

BY MR. GRAY.

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ELEGY,
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THE curfew tolls the bell of parting day ;
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea :
The plowman homely plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me,

Now shades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds :

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,

Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care :
No children run to lisp their Sire's return,
Or climb his knees, the envied kifs to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
How jocund did they drive their team afield !
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure ;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour :
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to these the fault,
If Mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies rise,
Where thro' the long-drawn isle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of Time, did ne'er unroll:
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood:

Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise ;
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes.

Their lot forbade ; nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd,
Forbade to wade thro' slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride,
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray ;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones, from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhimes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse
The place of fame and elegy supply :
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who to dumb Forgetfulness a prey
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred Spirit shall enquire thy fate.

Happly some hoary-headed Swain may say,
' Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
' Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
' To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

' There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreaths its old fantastic roots so high,

- His lifeless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
- And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

- Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
- Mutt'ring his way-ward fancies he would rove ;
- Now dropping, woeful, wan, like one forlorn,
- Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

- One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
- Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree ;
- Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
- Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

- The next, with dirges due, in sad array
- Slow thro' the church-way path we saw him borne,
- Approach, and read (for thou canst read) the lay
- Grav'd on the stone beneath you aged thorn.'

THE
EPITAPH.

*Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
A youth to Fortune, and to Fame unknown ;
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.*

*Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heav'n did a recompence as largely send ;
He gave to mis'ry all he had, a tear,
He gain'd fr'm Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.*

*No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.*

THE
FATAL SISTERS.

AN
ODE.
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BY MR. GRAY.
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THE
FATAL SISTERS.

AN
ODE.

In the eleventh century, Sigurd, Earl of the Orkney Islands, went with a fleet of ships, and a considerable body of troops, into Ireland, to the assistance of Syðtryg with the filken beard, who was then making war on his father-in-law, Brian king of Dublin; the Earl and all his forces were cut to pieces, and Siðtryg was in danger of a total defeat; but the enemy had a greater loss by the death of Brian their king, who fell in the action. On Christmas-day, the day of battle, a native of Caithness in Scotland, saw, at a distance, a number of persons on horseback, riding full speed towards a hill, and seeming to enter into it. Curiosity led him to follow them, till looking through an opening in the rocks, he saw twelve gigantic figures resembling women. They were all employed about a loom; and, as they wove, they sung the following dreadful song; which, when they had finished, they tore the web into twelve pieces, and (each taking her portion) galloped six to the North, and as many to the South.

NOW the storm begins to low'r,
(Haste, the loom of Hell prepare,)
Iron fleet of arrowy shower
Hurtles in the darken'd air.

Glitt'ring lances are the loom,
Where the dusky warp we strain,
Weaving many a soldier's doom,
Orkney's woe, and Randver's bane.

See the griesly texture grow,
(’Tis of human entrails made,)
And the weights that play below,
Each a gasping warrior's head.

Shafts for shuttles dipt in gore
Shoot the trembling cords along,
Sword, that once a monarch bore,
Keep the tissue close and strong.

Mista, black, terrific Maid,
Sangrida, and Hilda see,
Join, the wayward work to aid;
’Tis the woof of victory.

Ere the ruddy sun be set,
Pikes must shiver, jav’lins sing,
Blade with clatt’ring buckler meet,
Hauberk crash, and helmet ring.

(Weave the crimson web of war)
Let us go, and let us fly,

Where our friends the conflict share,
Where they triumph, where they die.

As the paths of fate we tread,
Wading through th' ensanguin'd field ;
Gondula and Geira spread
O'er the youthful king your shield.

We the reins to slaughter give
Ours to kill, and ours to spare :
Spite of danger he shall live,
(Weave the crimson web of war.)

They, whom once the desert beach
Pent within its bleak domain,
Soon their ample sway shall stretch
O'er the plenty of the plain.

Low the dauntless Earl is laid,
Gor'd with many a gaping wound ;
Fate demands a nobler head ;
Soon a king shall bite the ground.

Long his loss shall Eirin weep,
Ne'er again his likeness see ;
Long her strains in sorrows steep,
Strains of Immortality !

Horror covers all the heath,
Clouds of carnage blot the sun.
Sisters, weave the web of death ;
Sisters, cease, the work is done.

Hail the task, and hail the hands !
Songs of joy and triumph sing !
Joy to the victorious bands ;
Triumph to the younger King.

Mortal, thou that hear'st the tale,
Learn the tenor of our song.
Scotland, thro' each winding vale.
Far and wide the notes prolong.

Sisters ! hence with spurs of speed :
Each her thund'ring faulcheon wield :
Each bestride her sable steed.
Hurry, hurry to the field.

FINIS.



